

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLVIII.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Residence of Dr. Goldsmith.



THE abode of genius, as a modern author observes, though humble, is always interesting, and the contemplation of it is calculated to impress pleasing sensations on the mind. Many of these residences have been given in the MIRROR, from the birth-place of that gigantic genius, Shakspeare, to the humble cottage of that ill used but great poet, Robert Burns, one of the most calumniated of men, whose treatment will ever be a reproach to Scotland, which all the monuments they can erect to his memory will never efface.

We this week present our readers with a view of a house once the residence of Dr. Goldsmith, situated at the corner of

Break-neck Stairs, Green Harbour Court, Old Bailey. In this house, says the Life of Goldsmith, "a friend of the Doctor's paying him a visit in this place during the month of March 1759, found him in lodgings here as poor and miserable, that he should not think it proper to mention the circumstance if he did not consider it as the highest proof of the splendour of Dr. Goldsmith's genius and talents, that by the bare exertion of their powers under every disadvantage of person and fortune he could gradually emerge from such obscurity, to the enjoyment of all the comforts, and even the luxuries of life. At this time the Doctor was writing his *Inquiry into the Present*

State of Polite Learning, in a wretched room in which there was but one chair; and when he from civility offered it to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, and asked the favour of the loan of a few coals."

The house in which Goldsmith wrote many of his works, was about twenty years ago occupied by a chimney sweep; it is now let out in lodgings; it is however a classic house, which every admirer of Goldsmith (and whoever reads his works must admire him) will be pleased to visit.

AUTUMN.

(For the Mirror.)

"Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on."—THOMPSON.

"—who with lavish stores the lap of
Nature spreads."—HUGHES.

THIS is the third season of the year, being that in which the harvest and the fruits of the summer are gathered. It is commonly represented by painters under the figure of a female crowned with vine branches and bunches of grapes; naked in that part which respects summer, and clothed in that which corresponds to winter. Her garment is covered with flowers, like that of Bacchus. "In Autumn," says a modern writer, "the promise of Spring is fulfilled. The silent and gradual progress of maturation is completed, and human industry beholds with triumph the rich productions of its toil. The vegetable tribes disclose their infinitely various forms of fruit; which term, while with respect to common use, it is confined to a few peculiar modes of fructification, in the more comprehensive language of the naturalist includes every product of vegetation by which the rudiments of a future progeny are developed, and separated from the parent plant. These are in part collected and stored up by those animals for whose sustenance during the ensuing sleep of nature they are provided. The rest, furnished with various contrivances for dissemination, are scattered by the friendly winds which now begin to blow over the surface of the earth which they are to clothe and decorate. The groves now lose their leafy honours; but, before they are entirely tarnished, an adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendour superior to the ver-

dure of spring, or the luxuriance of summer. The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves at this season, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, have long engaged the imitation of the painter, and the contemplation of the poet and philosopher."—See *Contemplative Philosopher*, vol. I.

"The fall of the leaf," says a modern physiologist, "is that spontaneous separation of the leaves of trees and shrubs from their branches, which regularly takes place every autumn in such species as are, for that reason, termed deciduous; and which happens, sooner or later, to all leaves whatever. American trees and shrubs in general, and such European ones as are botanically related to them, are remarkable for the rich tints of red, purple, or even blue, which their leaves assume before they fall. Hence the autumnal foliage of the woods of North America is, beyond imagination, rich and splendid. In tropical countries, though many trees lose all their leaves regularly in the rainy season, or winter, the generality are evergreen, parting with them in succession only, so as never to be naked." P. T. W.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 71.)

BRITISH HARPERS, WELSH MINSTRELS, MUSIC IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

BRITISH harpers were famous long before the conquest. The bounty of William of Normandy to his *joculator* or bard is recorded in the *Doomsday book*. The harp seems to have been the favourite instrument in Britain for many ages, under the British, Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings. The *fiddle*, however, is mentioned so early as 1200, in the legendary life of St. Christopher. The ancient privileges of the minstrels at the fairs of Chester are well known in the history of England.

The extirpation of the bards of Wales by Edward I. is likewise too familiar an incident to be mentioned here. His persecuting spirit, however, seems to have been limited to that principality; for we learn, that at the ceremony of knighting his son, a *multitude of minstrels* attended.

In 1315, during the reign of Edward II. such extensive privileges were claimed by the minstrels, and so many dissolute persons assumed that character, that it became necessary to restrain them by express laws.

The father of our genuine poetry, who in the 14th century enlarged our vocabulary, polished our numbers, and with ac-

quisitions from France and Italy augmented our store of knowledge (Chaucer), entitles one of his poems "The History of St. Cecilia;" and the celebrated patroness of music must no doubt be mentioned in a history of the art. Neither in Chaucer, however, nor in any of the histories or legendary accounts of this Saint, does any thing appear to authorise the religious veneration paid to her by the votaries of music; nor is it easy to discover whence it has arisen. As an incident relative to the period of which we speak, it may be mentioned, that, according to Spelman, the appellation of *Doctor* was not among the degrees granted to graduates in England sooner than the reign of King John, about 1207; although, in Wood's History of Oxford, that degree is said to have been conferred, even in music, in the reign of Henry II. It is known that the title was created on the continent in the 12th century; and as, during the middle ages, music was always ranked among the seven liberal arts, it is likely the degree was extended to it.

After the invention of printing, an art which tended to disseminate knowledge with wonderful rapidity among mankind, music, and particularly counterpoint, became an object of high importance. The names of the most eminent composers who flourished in England, from that time to the Reformation, were, Fairfax, William of Newark, Sherynham, Turges, Banister, Tudor, Taverner, Tye, Johnson, Parsons; to whom may be added John Marbeck, who set the whole English cathedral service to music.

Before this period Scottish music had advanced to a high degree of perfection. James I. was a great composer of airs to his own verses; and may be considered as the father of that plaintive melody which in Scotch tunes is so pleasing to a taste not vitiated by modern affectation.

Besides the testimony of *Fordun* and *Major*, who may be suspected of being under the influence of national prejudice, we have that of *Alessandrio Tessani*, to the musical skill of that accomplished prince. "Among us moderns," says this foreigner, "we may reckon *James, king of Scotland*, who not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others; in which he has been imitated by *Carlo Gesualdo*, prince of Venosa, who in our age has improved music with new and admirable inventions."

Under such a genius in poetry and music as king James I. it cannot be doubted that the national music must have been greatly improved. It is certain that

he composed several anthems, or vocal pieces of *sacred music*, which shows that his knowledge of the science must have been very considerable. It is likewise known, that organs were by him introduced into the cathedrals and abbeys of Scotland, and choir-service brought to such a degree of perfection, as to fall little short of that established in any country of Europe. By an able antiquary of the present day, the era of music, as of poetry, in Scotland, is supposed to have been from the beginning of the reign of James I. down to the end of the reign of James V. During that period flourished *Gavin Douglas*, Bishop of Dunkeld, *Ballden*, Archdeacon of Murray, *Dunbar*, *Henryson*, *Scott*, *Montgomery*, *Sir David Lindsey*, and many others, whose fine poems have been preserved in *Bannatyne's Collection*, and of which several have been published by *Allan Ramsay* in his *Evergreen*.

Before the Reformation, as there was but one religion, there was but one kind of sacred music in Europe, plain chant, and the descent built upon it. That music likewise was applied to one language only, the Latin. On that account, the compositions of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Flanders, and England, kept pace in a great degree with each other in style and excellence. All the arts seem to have been the companions, if not the produce, of successful commerce, and to have pursued the same course. Like commerce, they appeared first in Italy, then in the Hanseatic towns, next in the Netherlands; and during the 16th century, when commerce became general, in every part of Europe.

In the 16th century music was an indispensable part of polite education; all the princes of Europe were instructed in that art. There is a collection preserved in manuscript called *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*. If her majesty was able to execute any of the pieces in that book, she must have been a great player; a month's practice would not be sufficient for any master now in Europe to enable him to play one of them to the end. *Tallis*, singularly profound in musical composition, and *Bird*, his admirable scholar, were two of the authors of this famous collection.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the genius and learning of the British musicians were not inferior to any on the continent; an observation scarcely applicable at any other period of the history of this country. Sacred music was the principal object of study all over Europe.

In the 17th century, the musical writers and composers who acquired fame in Eng-

land, were Dr. Nathaniel Giles, Thomas Tomkins, and his son of the same name; Elwy Bevan, Orlando Gibbons, Dr. William Child, Adrian Batten, Martin Pierson, William Lawes, Henry Lawes, Dr. John Wilson, John Hilton, John Playford Captain Henry Cook, Pelham Humphrey, John Blow, William Turner, Dr. Christopher Gibbons, Benjamin Rogers, and Henry Purcell. Of these, Orlando Gibbons, Pelham Humphrey, and Henry Purcell, far excelled the rest.

About the end of the reign of James I. a music lecture, or professorship, was founded in the University of Oxford by Dr. William Hychin.

In the reign of Charles I. a charter was granted to the musicians of Westminster, incorporating them, as the king's musicians, into a body politic, with powers to prosecute and fine all who, except themselves, should, "attempt to make any benefit or advantage of music in England or Wales;" powers which in the subsequent reign were put in execution.

About the end of the reign of Charles II. a passion seems to have been excited in England for the violin, and for pieces expressly composed for it in the Italian manner.

(To be continued.)

EXTRAORDINARY WORKMANSHIP.

It has been stated at Hatton Garden Office, that some years ago, a prisoner, a man of extraordinary talents, made a coach with four wheels, of gold and ivory, not bigger than a pea, with a complete set of gold harness for two fleas which drew the carriage; each flea had a chain of gold round its neck consisting of one hundred and sixty links, fastened on by a small gold padlock and which they drew along a table, and being examined by a microscope, appeared quite perfect in all parts, and when he unfastened them from the coach he let them feed on his wrist or on the back of his hand, and then put them into a small box in which was a bit of cotton, the coach he kept in a separate box, each not bigger than a nut; and this extraordinary curiosity was shewn at the time to their late majesties, and the principal nobility in the kingdom. A gentleman present expressed his doubts that two fleas could be able to draw a coach and harness of that size and weight, the gentleman remarked, that a flea was the strongest living thing in nature, that it could carry a thousand times its own weight, and leap upwards of two thousand times its own length, and had but an elephant the strength and activity of

a flea in proportion to its enormous bulk, it could carry the monument on its back or leap from Hyde Park to Greenwich.

This extraordinary curiosity the prisoner lost when in a state of intoxication, at a public house on Clerkenwell Green.

E. B. K.

LORD BYRON'S MONUMENT.

AN elegant Grecian tablet of white marble, executed by Messrs. Walker, of Nottingham, has been placed, during the present week, in the chancel of Hucknall church.* The following is a copy of the inscription. The words are in Roman capitals, and divided into lines as under:

In the vault beneath,
where many of his ancestors and his
mother are buried,
lie the remains of

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
Lord Byron of Rochdale,

in the county of Lancaster:
The author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

He was born in London, on the

22nd of January, 1788:

He died at Missolonghi, in Western
Greece, on the

19th of April, 1824,

Engaged in the glorious attempt to
restore that country to her ancient
freedom and renown.

His sister, the Honourable

Augusta Maria Leigh,

placed this tablet to his memory.

27th August, 1825.

J. W. E.

* No. 99, of the MIRROR, contains a view and description of Hucknall Church, with several highly interesting anecdotes of his Lordship, tributes to his memory, &c. No. 85, is entirely devoted to a Memoir of his Lordship, as is No. 90 to the Recollections of Byron, with a Portrait of the noble Poet, engraved on steel.—To the friends and admirers of Byron we recommend these Numbers of the MIRROR, as containing a more interesting and copious account of his Lordship than is to be found in any other work.—Ed.

INTRODUCTION OF VEGETABLES, &c., INTO ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CLVI. of your interesting publication we are presented, by a correspondent, P. T. W., with an account of the origin of fruits, &c., in England, to which the following may serve as a conclusion:—Currants came originally from Zante, and were introduced into this country in the year 1533; gooseberries, pippins, artichokes, and carrots, were first cultivated in England in the reign

of Henry VIII. Previous to this period, Queen Catherine, of Arragon, when she wanted a salad, was compelled to despatch a messenger to Holland or Flanders on purpose. Cos lettuces came from an island of that name, near Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. Saffron was introduced from Arabia, in the reign of King Edward III. Hops came from the Netherlands, about the year 1525; and are mostly cultivated in Kent, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire. Asparagus, cauliflowers, beans, and pease, were planted in England about the time of the Restoration. Turnips were brought from Hanover. Melons were conveyed from Armenia to Rome, and thence to England. Nor can we claim the jessamine, the lily, the tulip, &c. &c.—for the jessamine came from the East Indies; the lily and the tulip from the Levant; the carnation and pink from Italy; the auricula from Switzerland; and the tuberoses from Java and Ceylon.

Your correspondent, *P. T. W.*, has committed a mistake in asserting that potatoes were introduced by the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh; for I know it as a certainty that we owe this valuable root to Admiral Sir John Hawkins, the great navigator in the time of Queen Elizabeth.—(*See the appendix to Robinson's Hume and Smollett, and Evans's Juvenile Tourist*, p. 370—compilations of authenticity.)—The writer of these pages has in his possession a manuscript which would further prove the fact, if it were necessary.

POLYCARP.

ODE TO THE "MIRROR."*

Hail, magic glass! thou general reflector
Of wit and wisdom! May thy surface bright
Be ne'er obscured by any dull defect! or
Get crack'd in hoary-headed Time's fast flight;
But like the glass of Ptolemy,† exhibit
Thought to our view beyond our vision's limit.

* Modesty in Editors is a thing so unfashionable in the present day, that the person who pretended to it would be set down for a hypocrite or an idiot; as we are not ambitious to be thought either, or to boast of a virtue the public does not expect in us, we print our correspondent's very flattering Ode, merely remarking that we should have paused in this step, had not justice to the correspondents he notices demanded its insertion.—ED.

† We read in several ancient authors, that Ptolemy Energetes caused to be placed on the tower of Pharos, at Alexandria, a mirror, which represented every thing that was transacted throughout Egypt, on water and land. Some writers affirm, that with this mirror an enemy's fleet could be seen at the distance of 100 leagues.—*Parcy Anecdotes.*

His was a wondrous glass, it is most true,
To shew a fleet one hundred leagues away!
But what of that, when thou giv'st to our view
Objects as far apart as night from day:
Vesuvius' fires from our chairs we gaze on,
The grand Turk's turban, and the couch he lays on.

The Polar ices—(Parry did not find them
So pleasing to his taste as those we eat,
Lounging o'er counters, whilst there stands behind them
Smart damsels, as we see in every street—
A kind of man-trap, set to catch our glances;
Woman, the joys of eating e'en enhances!)

The Polar ice—Africa's burning sands,
All, all, thou shew'st us when it suits our leisure
To look on thee, thou work of many hands,
Fountain of mirth, intelligence and pleasure!
But to break of the glassy smile,
I'll thank thee for the amusement thou hast given me.

Hail then to thee! all potent Editor!
Thy mandate terrible at once decides,
The fate of those thou'lt give no credit, or
Suffer to appear within thy margined sides.
Health on thy years attend thee as they pass,
But let me be reflected in thy glass.

"To Correspondents" next my muse inclines,
UTOPIA's verses much I must admire,
I wish he may succeed in all's designs,
And may his poetry ne'er light a fire.
For sometimes, when young Love our bosom claims,
Sonnets and Valentines oft feed the flames.

I've found it so! It makes me misanthropic
When e'er I think on't. So adieu, adieu
To all such thoughts—for thus I'll change the topic,

By thanking for his essays P. T. W.
With TOBY KIN and others, 'mongst them CLAVIS,
Shines brightly forward like a *rara avis*.

And now, to put a finis to my song,
A line to JANET will conclude it well;
So then, sweet maid, whoe'er thou art, prolong
Thine essays, tales, thy pen so well can tell.
I thank you all; but truth bids me declare,
None had been thanked had the day been fair.
August, 1825. W. CORFIELD.

MEMENTO MORI.

(For the Mirror.)

DEATH to remember, doth on man impose
A solemn task—life's brevity implies—
Vain transient space!—man like the blushing rose,
In one short moment blooms; another dies!

Dear Saviour, grant me knowledge of thy will,
Keep me in virtue, then I'll fear no ill;
E'en death defied, my soul, its frail abode
Yielding up^{ascent}, takes its flight to God!

CLAVIS.

THE CELEBRATED DUETT,

In the Opera of "Il Crociato in Egitto," translated from the Italian of "Da questo instanto," by Miss K. Thompson.

(For the Mirror.)

From this blest hour 'till life shall part
And terminate in sad decay;
'Till death shall sever heart from heart,
And waning nature fade away;

May the firm bond that links us now
Still blend our mingling souls in one;
And ev'ry thought and action flow
In hallow'd sweet communion.

And while thus at thy side I live,
While round my heart thy thoughts entwine:
What more has Hope or Heaven to give?
Ah! where a fate so blest as mine!

THE FATE OF CONQUERORS.

SINCE the reign of Augustus, the world has seldom been so free from war and bloodshed as at the present moment. The Turks and Greeks, in a small spot on the confines of Europe and Asia, are carrying on a petty warfare; but excepting in that quarter, Europe may be said to enjoy the most profound repose. All the great States, that in their turn have contended for the mastery, are at peace with one another, and most of them are free from internal broils. Asia, Africa, and America, with the exception of a few occasional skirmishes, seem to follow the example of Europe, which, indeed, for ages has not only been the great theatre of war, but the original cause of most of those commotions that have devastated the world. At the present day, when the blessings of peace are so justly appreciated, one is astonished at the madness of the people in following ambitious leaders to war and death, and disposed to ask, what benefit these leaders themselves derived from the miseries of which their insatiable ambition was so frequently the cause? History, "the great mistress of wisdom," points out two remarkable circumstances in their fate, which cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. Of all the mighty conquerors that have been praised by poets, admired by their followers, and adored for a moment by their countrymen—that have made babes fatherless, wives widows, and carried ruin and devastation in their train—how few have fallen in battle, and yet how few have come to a timely end! Perhaps not one in ten has died a natural death. They made themselves conspicuous for a time, they marked the age in which they lived, but they seemed to rise above the stream of time rather as beacons to deter, than as guides to be followed. Poison, assassi-

nation, or disappointed ambition, commonly put an end to their dazzling career. Witness the fate of those who, in ancient times, were surnamed the Great, and deemed the first warriors of their age. Cyrus the Great, after conquering Medes, Lydia, and Assyria, had his head cut off by a woman, who threw it into a vessel filled with blood, and addressed it in these words, "Go, quench there that thirst for blood which seemed insatiable." Miltiades, who commanded the Athenians at Marathon, and was reckoned the most celebrated general of his age, was accused of treason by the Athenians, and condemned to death. The sentence was commuted for a fine, which he was unable to pay, and he died in prison. Pausanias, who conquered at Platæa, and slew about 300,000 Persians, was starved to death in the temple of Minerva, whither he had fled to save himself from the fury of his countrymen. Themistocles, who was called the most warlike and courageous of all the Greeks, who destroyed the formidable fleet of Xerxes at Salamis, and slew and drowned countless thousands of Persians, was banished by the capricious Athenians, delivered himself, like Napoleon the Great, into the hands of his former enemies, and died (by poison, according to some) in exile. Epaminondas, the Theban, by his extraordinary talents raised himself to the first rank in the State, defeated the Lacedæmonians at the famous battle of Leuctra, was afterwards accused as a traitor, and about to be condemned to death, when his countrymen pardoned him on account of his former services, and placed him at the head of an army, where he was slain, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Philip of Macedon, who, by his intrigues and arms, conquered all the neighbouring states, and finally destroyed the independence of Greece at the battle of Chæronea, was assassinated at the age of forty-seven, when on the point of leading his victorious armies against the barbarians of the East. His son, Alexander the Great, who conquered Asia Minor, Egypt, Media, Syria, Persia, and deemed the world too small for his conquests, was prematurely cut off in the thirty-second year of his age, supposed to have been poisoned at the instigation of his favourite General, Antipater. Pyrrhus, the Epirot, declared by Hannibal the greatest of captains, fell by the hand of a woman. Hannibal himself, the prince of generals, after conquering Spain, and retaining possession of Italy for sixteen years against all the power of the Romans, was defeated by Scipio at Zama, fled to Syria, thence to Bithynia, where he poisoned himself, to clude the

swords of his enemies. Scipio, his conqueror, as famous for his virtues as a citizen as his military qualities, was accused of extortion, and was obliged to flee from Rome. He died in exile at Linternum, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and left, as his dying request, that his bones might not be laid with those of his ungrateful countrymen. Mithridates, King of Pontus, who by his skill and bravery opposed the Roman power for thirty years, and was declared by his enemies a more powerful and indefatigable adversary than the great Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Perseus, or Antiochus, was doomed to death by his unnatural son, attempted to poison himself, and not succeeding, fell upon his sword. Antiochus was murdered by his followers in the Temple of Belus, at Susiana. Perseus was carried captive to Rome, and died in prison. Scipio the younger, who wept over the ruins of Carthage, of which he had been the unwilling cause, was, after the most astonishing victories, on the point of being made dictator, when he was found dead in his bed, murdered at the instigation of his wife, and the triumvirs Carbo, Gracchus, and Flaccus. Cinna was assassinated by one of his own officers. Marius and Sylla, the most cruel of Roman generals, died in their beds; but their death was hastened by excessive drinking, in which they indulged, to blunt the stings of a guilty conscience. For a time the triumvirs Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus governed the world. Crassus was treacherously put to death by Surenæ. Pompey the Great, the friend of Cato, who conquered Mithridates, was defeated by Cæsar in the plains of Pharsalia, and assassinated by the command of Ptolemy, whom he had protected and placed on the throne. The fate of Cæsar himself is well known. By his astonishing abilities he raised himself to the first rank as a general and an orator. After defeating all his enemies, he triumphed in one day over five different nations, Gaul, Alexandria, Pontus, Africa, and Spain; he conquered three hundred nations, took eight hundred cities, slew a million of men, was created perpetual dictator, and became master of the world. He generously forgave his bitterest enemies, and was assassinated by his most intimate friends in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Cicero was beheaded near Gaeta, and Cato stabbed himself in Utica. Brutus, Cassius, and Antony fell on their swords. Of the twelve Cæsars, the successive masters of the world, nine suffered a violent death.

Similar instances might be produced in modern times, to show how fortune sports with the destiny of the mightiest men; but

it will be sufficient to close this moral catalogue with the tragical end of two contemporaries, the greatest commanders, on their respective elements, that the world ever saw. Nelson, by his undaunted courage, his skill and perseverance, raised himself far above all his compeers, defeated every fleet that opposed him, and when at the summit of fame, and the last shot was fired at the enemy, died, at a premature age, of a wound which he had received in battle. Bonaparte, the hero of the age, commanded the most effective and powerful armies that ever went forth to battle, who made and unmade kings at his pleasure, was defeated at Waterloo, banished for ever from his native country, and died of a broken heart on the bare rocky island of St. Helena. Old Diogenes, in his tub, with a little sunshine, amusing himself with the foibles and frailties of the surrounding multitude, and quietly slipping into his grave at the patriarchal age of ninety-six, had some reason to treat with contempt the vanity of the demi-god Alexander.

The Watering Places.

No. II.

HERNE BAY.

It is a little remarkable, that this delightful place should so long have escaped the notice of those persons who annually deem it necessary to visit a sea-bathing place, either for pleasure or health; it would be better, perhaps, to say *general* notice, for there are a few who have found it out, and properly appreciate its beauties.

It is situated in the parish of Herne, on the coast of Kent, and forms a romantic little bay, the indent of which may be seen on the map, nearly equi-distant between the fishing town of Whitstable and the ruins of the ancient nunnery of the Reculvers. There are terraces perfectly dry along the whole extent of the bay, at a sufficient distance from the sea at high water to protect the houses from the spray, yet commanding a large extent of sea, with distant views of the opposite shore towards the North-West. The country round the bay is well wooded, and it is surrounded by extensive and flourishing farms. It reminds us more of the beautiful villages on the coast of Devon, than any place we know of in this part of England; and, like them, its walks and rides are singularly diversified and picturesque—that to Canterbury, a distance of about eight miles, through the village of Herne and the ancient town of Sturry, is, perhaps, not exceeded by any thing in this country so near the sea, where beautiful

timber is so rarely to be met with. The church of the former place, as you approach it from Canterbury, is one of the most striking objects we have ever noticed.

A few years ago, some gentlemen of Canterbury commenced building at Herne Bay; but whether the speculation did not answer, or from want of spirit to proceed, we know not; certain it is, that only a few houses were then built, and those without any regard to taste. This seems the more remarkable, as the proprietor of the land offers to dispose of it in fee, which has led a spirited individual from London to renew the attempt. He has already built a few houses, in one of which he resides with his family during the summer, and he has purchased a considerable tract of land for the erection of more. The bathing is excellent. There are warm baths also to be had, and what is a great recommendation, the people of the place are civil. Their charges are low; but whether they may continue so when the place grows into more notice, is what we cannot venture to prophecy. That it *will* become a favourite place we boldly predict, at least with those who like quiet and retirement, and who are getting disgusted with the influx of persons of all descriptions, emigrating from London in the season, into every place where a steam-boat can unload. It is strongly indicative, that our prophecy is about to be fulfilled, when we learn that there is already an hotel, moderately commodious—an attempt at a library—that a doctor has ventured to put up a smart brass plate proclaiming his profession—and a church of ease is about to be erected forthwith, the distance from Herne being about two miles. There is at present a small chapel for the Establishment, and another for Dissenters.

The bay itself, from its generally unruffled state, except during the prevalence of a northerly wind, affords the finest boating on the coast. Margate is only distant a few miles, and a trip by sea from that place to Herne Bay often affords to the residents of the former place a few days' retirement, which they seek in vain either at Ramsgate or Dover.

M.

CROSS READINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

LAST night a gang of notorious villains were apprehended—the Earl of S— spoke half an hour in his own defence.

Lady A. M. S—has engaged to eat a leg of mutton and turnips at one sitting.

Yesterday a man was branded in the

hand—none are genuine but those that have this mark.

On Friday, a man was whipped at the cart's tail—the ceremony was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of York.

Yesterday, a chimney-sweeper's boy, under seven years—attended a Cabinet Council in Downing-street.

Yesterday, the five condemned male-factors—appeared in court with the collars of their respective orders.

This morning Lady D— was delivered of a prince—to be continued annually.

Yesterday, being the last day of term—the villains made off, after doing all the mischief, and escaped.

The most audacious robberies are daily committed—by his Majesty's royal letters patent.

JOHN FIELD.

WHO WANTS A WIFE?

IN Paris there is a regular bureau for negotiating marriages; and such is the variety of female candidates, that the most captious taste may be suited. The following advertisements appeared lately in the *Journal d'Affiches*:—

"MARRIAGES.

"1st. Fifty widows, with 2 to 20,000 francs of income.

"2nd. One and fifty *damsels*, with from 10,000 to 600,000 francs of dowry.

"3rd. Four hundred young ladies and widows, with a small fortune.—Apply to M. Porre, &c."

Another marriage broker advertises as at his disposal,

"1. Two young ladies, of between 15 and 18 years of age, with between 30 and 60,000 francs of portion.

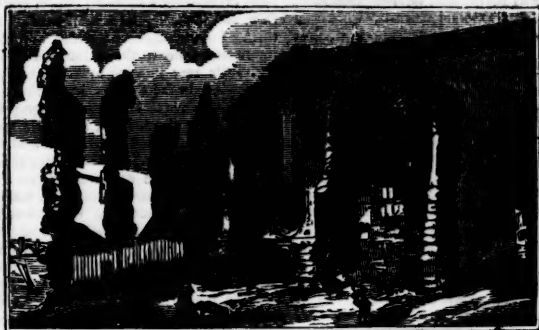
"2. Two others, between 30 and 36 years, with 35,000 francs; and several *damsels* of all ages, with between 4,000 and 6,000 francs of income; with lots of widows, of incomes from 1,000 to 6,000 francs."

Surely such an assortment cannot fail to be interesting to prudent middle-aged bachelors; but if money is not the object, M. Porre tells us that he has at his disposal "several young ladies of ancient families, with little fortune, but with all the qualities which should accompany fortune."

BON MOT.

IT was observed to the Rev. S. Smith, that Lord — must have felt himself considerably astonished at becoming the father of a clever son—"Yes," replied the Rev. Jester, "he must have felt like a hen that has hatched a duck, and sees it suddenly take water."

Remains of the Savoy Palace.



THE site of the once celebrated Savoy Palace which some thirty years ago was even magnificent in its ruins, is now occupied by new buildings in part, and will be wholly so ere long. The precinct of the Savoy takes its name from Peter, earl of Savoy, who built a large house here, 1245, and gave it to the fraternity of Mountjoy, of whom queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III. purchased it for her son, the duke of Lancaster. When it came into the hands of Henry VII. he founded here an hospital, and called it the hospital of St. John the Baptist: and Mr. Weaver says, that the following inscription was over the great gate:—

*Hospitium hoc inopi turba Savoia vocatum,
Septimus Henricus fundavit ab imo Solo.*

This hospital consisted of a master and four brethren, who were to be in priests orders, and officiate in their turns, and they were to stand alternately at the gate of the Savoy, and if they saw any person who was an object of charity, they were obliged to take him in, and feed him. If he proved to be a traveller, he was entertained for one night, and a letter of recommendation, with as much money given him, as would defray his expenses to the next hospital.

The Savoy has been reduced to ashes several times, particularly by Wat Tyler and Jack Cade; and at other times by accident.

This hospital was suppressed in the seventh year of Edward VI. and the furniture given to the hospitals of Bridewell, St. Thomas, &c. but falling afterwards into the hands of queen Mary I. she new founded and endowed it plentifully, and it was under the care of a master and four brethren in holy orders,

and a receiver of the rents, who was also the porter, and locked the gates every night; and he chose a watchman.

The original rents amounted to £22,000. per annum, which being deemed too large an endowment, an Act of Resumption was obtained in the fourth and fifth of Philip and Mary, so that the lands reverted to the crown. But they who had taken leases from the master of the Savoy, had their leases confirmed to them for ever, upon the payment of twenty years purchase; a reserve being made of £800. or £1,000. a year, in perpetuity for the master and four brethren, &c.

The Novelist.

No. LXXVII.

—
JOHN DOE.*(Concluded from page 128.)*

WHILE Purcell was driving from his door the wretched Cauthleen he had betrayed, and his and her infant, he meditates an attempt at abduction on Mary Grace, who was enamoured of Lieutenant Howard; and at the same time endeavoured to induce Mullins, one of the White Boys, to assassinate his rival. The attempt to murder Howard was prevented by the villain being shot at the moment by a stranger of the name of Sullivan, who persuades Howard not to go to Mr. Grace's, whither he was proceeding, but to return and let him take a note of apology.

Sullivan, who, as may be anticipated, was Kavanagh, gets the note written in a cabin, takes it to the house, is admitted, and invited to stop all night. While there, the attack is made by Purcell and

his party to carry off Mary Grace. Sullivan, whom Mary had by this time recognised as Kavanagh, advises resistance, and attempts to shoot Purcell, whom he recognised through the key-hole, but misses him. Mary is carried off, together with her father, a Mr. Somers, and Kavanagh. When Howard heard of the abduction, he mustered his men, and went in search of them. The party were led to a cottage, where there was an old man, who commanded Purcell to let go the hand of Mary Grace. Purcell insisted on Mr. Somers, a clergyman, to marry them, but he refused: and then called on Tack'em, an unprincipled priest: but he was deterred, partly from the illegality of the act, and from a promise of Mr. Grace to give him more money than he would get by the job. Purcell, thus baffled, was on the point of carrying off Mary, and punishing the refractory priests, when the old man exclaimed, "Stand out, grandson! Harry Kavanagh, stand out!" Then Kavanagh stood forth without disguise, and was hailed by the whole party. He blew a horn, and was soon surrounded by an overpowering force, wearing loose blue coats, and strongly armed. They attacked Purcell's party, and some were killed on both sides, but he escaped.

Purcell now applied to Howard for assistance; but, wishing to sneak away, and exciting some suspicion, was dragged forward more like a prisoner than a fallen combatant. Howard came up with Kavanagh's party, and learnt that he had rescued Mary from Purcell and his party. Kavanagh now avowed himself to be John Doe.

While speaking these words he engaged his hands in unbuttoning the close frock that he have described as fitting tight to his figure; and when he had ended, Kavanagh, laying the reins on his horse's neck, flung it aside altogether, and displayed an inside dress, consisting of a white vest, or jacket, over which was a red waistcoat, with bunches of green ribbon for shoulder-knots, and a broad green sash round his waist. He also wore a belt, or girdle, in which were seen two cases of pistols.

Kavanagh then calls on his "Twelfth Sub-division of the Flying Army of the Hills" to show themselves, and they immediately cast off their great coats. Mullins is Sergeant Moonshine, and Flinn Lieutenant Starlight. Howard expresses his regret that he must do his duty, and bids Kavanagh surrender, while he, on the contrary, orders his party to disarm that of Howard.

He had scarcely done speaking when the party which he headed rushed forward

with tremendous cries, and, as they had been ordered, discharged a volley into the faces of Howard's soldiers, Mary, her father, and his reverend friend, still in the thick of the assaulters; while, at almost the same moment, the ambushed foes in Howard's rear jumped upon the road, at either side, broke through his ranks, and, more than three to one, instantly grappled with the royal muskets, simultaneously assisted by Kavanagh's men. The soldiers, taken by surprise, and their arms shouldered, made little or no resistance; in the midst of the smoke and flash and explosion of the unexpected volley levelled at them, every man in the line found himself in the sudden gripe of at least three enemies, front and rear, so that every effort was paralyzed: some few shot, indeed, escaped them; but this happened while they vainly struggled against an overwhelming force, and while their pieces, already seized by tugging hands, were pointed upward; a few others, who might have fired straight on, saw Howard's friends immediately before them, and remembered his orders; and, in fact, a minute had not elapsed until Howard found himself at the head of an unarmed body, wearing red coats and military caps, indeed, but deprived of every other badge of warfare, as even their pouches and belts had been ravished in a twinkling.

Himself, too, did not longer than any of his soldiers retain the means of defence. While all was yelling and uproar around him, Lieutenant Starlight advanced, with simply a short stick in his hand, and—"Captain, honey," he said, "I'm comin', first, to keep my promise with you; I told you in the barn, that we'd show you Doe, some time or other; well, a-vich, sure, there he is; an' now, honour bright, just lend me a loan o' your sword, a moment, an' I'll take the best care in the world o' you."

Howard only answered by a pass at his antagonist, which Flinn skilfully parried; they then set to, nearer to each other, and the contest ended in Lieutenant Starlight striking the sword out of the hands of Lieutenant Howard, and immediately flourishing it aloft, and then dropping the point. At the same moment Sergeant Moonshine came up, dismounted, with a sword also girded round his loins, the property, a few moments before of his more loyal brother, who now accompanied him as his prisoner.

Kavanagh seizes Purcell, and all the party and their prisoners move towards Grace's house. Flinn and Mullins were sent forward on a special mission. One of them being asked by the other if he ever did a good deed in his life, says he did two:

he killed a gauger and shot an attorney. Kavanagh led Mary Grace forward, and endeavoured, with all the eloquence of true love, to induce her to renew her affection for him: this she firmly refused. Kavanagh then, half distracted, heaped his reproaches on Purcell—

Purcell, starting and clasping his hands, here uttered a loud cry,—“Lights in my house! in every window!” he exclaimed, “what is this?”

“Lights in your house! and in hell, tyrant!—a shadow of the flame, that shall soon, and for ever, swathe you. Look again! ’tis brighter and redder than the midnight blaze that shone over your costly feasts, and on the worms that crawled round to share them!—look again!”

The fierce light grew stronger at all the windows; then waned; and then flared out again, as it proceeded in its destroying course.

“My house on fire! my property wrecked! my papers! my wealth! my all!—and was it for this, plunderer and assassin; was it for this you led me here?” he continued, turning in fury on Kavanagh.

“For this?—fool, fool, prepare yourself! If you have ever learned a prayer, repeat it.”

“Mercy! I am now below your vengeance,” cried Purcell, suddenly changing his tone and manner; “I am a beggar, and at your feet. Look on me, I am at your feet!”

“There would I have you be! by the round world, I have prayed and wept for it! For such a scene and hour have I thirsted, and my tongue hath burned with thirst!—thus, in my dreams have I seen it, and shrieked and laughed to see it!—Look at your house again!”

While he spoke, the crackling of slates and glass was heard, and, a second after, the flame shot out through the windows and door, clear and straight, like a broadside from some great war-ship. Immediately followed the smoke—the volumes of smoke, massy, thick, and curling, and showing, amid the red light and the murky relief of the hills around, white as a morning vapour that the sun calls from the bottom of the valley. The moon had set, and here and there in the sky black wreaths of clouds moved swollen and slowly along; while through them, and between them, the “chaste stars” glimmered wildly on the phenomenon; reduced by the contrast of lurid light to the appearance of cold silvery specks set in a frozen ground of intense blue. The side of every hill and every break, for miles adjacent, caught the sudden glow, remov-

ing it, fainter and farther, into almost desert solitude, till it was at last devoured by remote darkness. But the rugged features of all the nearer heights became fitfully enveloped in the blaze, and, grim and haggard, broke out into the night; nay, at a very considerable distance, high peaks, white in snow, blushed faintly, and without form, like the shadowy indications of grand scenery caught and lost in a dream. The lawn immediately before the house seemed perishing in light, and the pond of water, flaming like molten ore, reflected and heightened the immediate horrors and magnificence of the scene.

Kavanagh was on the point of filling up the measure of his vengeance on the life of Purcell, but was prevented from it by Mary, O’Clery, and others; he then handed Purcell over to Mullins and Flinn, for the purpose of being despatched, but he was at this time spared.

“And your hand again, Mary Grace,” resumed Kavanagh, when they had left the height, “and be quick—be quick! why do you draw back and shiver? Mine is not yet blotted. Howard!—men, let him advance; here—take her—she is your’s—virtuously your’s—you will be kind to her, for her own sake, for my sake.”

A sudden explosion of fire-arms reached them, and, almost at the same moment, the roof of Purcell’s house fell in, and one tremendous spire of flame darted to the heavens, illuminating for a few seconds more fiercely than ever all contiguous objects, and even the remotest distances. Then succeeded the vomiting and expanding smoke, and the red fragments of burnt timber that the exploding air impelled upward; and then almost utter darkness wrapt once more the hills, the fields, and the blotted sky. But ere thickest shadow had veiled the countenances of all near him, Howard, for the first time, brought to mind, while looking on Kavanagh, the features of the young man who had so much interested him in the tent, on the evening of the pattern.

While all paused in consternation, Doe continued:—“’Tis over! mother and sister, you are revenged!—yet, now, I hear that sound, and see that sight in more sorrow than my first yearnings promised—who comes?”—interrupting himself as the faint but wild cry of a female was heard advancing; and, immediately after, Cauthleen tottered forward, and sunk at his feet, exclaiming—

“Brother, spare me, ’tis poor Cauthleen.”

“Spare you, my poor girl, spare you!” he repented, “rise, come to your brother’s

heart—you have a brother still! I did not think to see you so soon, Cauthleen," he continued, pressing his flushed cheek to her pale one; "but, but—oh, Cauthleen!—sister!" he wept on her neck.

"I always loved you, Harry—and—I—hoped—I—" she could not, amid sobbings and chokings, utter the words 'till she sank, fainting, in his arms. "The health has faded from your cheek, my girl," he resumed, "and you are worn and wasted—a shadow of my once beautiful Cauthleen!—'tis over!" looking round—"farewell all, and every thing, but this poor bruised flower, which, to raise up and nurse, and to call back to bloom, must now be my life's only care and occupation! Farewell, country! my native hills—my hearth made desolate—my lost love!—Mary, I ask not now to touch your hand with mine—Farewell!"

He bore his insensible sister on his arm down the hill, and was followed by all his party; Mr. Grace, Mary, Howard, their reverend friends, and the disarmed soldiers remaining behind: and the outcast brother and sister were never again heard of in the land of their birth, their sorrows, and their crimes.

The Selector;

or,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI. OF FRANCE.

THIS melancholy event took place on the 21st of January, 1793. On the day previous, a terrific scene took place in Paris. Some few generous souls dared to express their indignation; but the mass, either indifferent or terrified, remained passive. One of the body-guard, named Pâris, had resolved to avenge the death of the king on one of his judges. Lepelletier Saint Fargeau, like many others of his rank, had voted for the death of Louis, to avert the odium caused by his birth and fortune. He had excited great indignation among the royalists, on account of the class of society to which he belonged. On the evening of the 20th he was pointed out to Pâris, at a tavern in the Palais-Royal, whilst he was seating himself at table. This young man, wrapped in a great coat, went to him, and said, "Is it you, scoundrel, Lepelletier, who voted for the death of the king?"—"Yes," replied he; "but I am not a scoundrel, for I voted according to my conscience."—"Hold," resumed Pâris, "here is your

recompense!" and he plunged his sabre in his side, and disappeared before any one had time to seize him.

The news of this event spread with rapidity through all parts of Paris. It was announced at the convention, the Jacobin club, and at the commune. This incident gave countenance to the report of the conspiracy of the Royalists, who, it was said, meditated massacring their enemies, and rescuing the king when at the foot of the scaffold. The Jacobins declared their sittings permanent, and sent new messengers to all their authorities to rekindle their zeal, and to call the whole population to arms.

On the next day, the 21st of January, as the Temple clock struck five, the king awoke, called for Clery, and dressed himself with the most perfect tranquillity. He congratulated himself on having recomposed his mind by sleep. Clery lighted the fire, and moved a chest of drawers, which served for an altar. M. Edgeworth put on his sacerdotal vestments, and commenced solemnizing the mass; Clery assisted at it, and the king, on his knees, gave deep attention to the ceremony. He then received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and the mass being finished, rose with increased strength, and awaited with serenity the moment in which he was to be transported to the scaffold. He demanded scissors to cut his hair himself, to avoid the humiliating operation from the hands of the executioner; but the commune, suspecting the possibility of suicide, refused his request.

The drum now beat through the streets of the capital. All those who belonged to the armed sections joined their companies with the most perfect submission. Those who were not obliged to make their appearance on this terrible day, concealed themselves in their houses. Their doors and windows were all shut, and they awaited, at home, the tidings of this heart-rending event. It was reported that four or five hundred men, devoted to the king, had designed to burst their way to the carriage, and carry him off. The convention, commune, executive council, and Jacobins were all assembled.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Santerre, with a deputation of the commune, of the department, and of the criminal tribunal, proceeded to the Temple. The king, hearing the noise of their approach, rose, and prepared to depart. He had determined not to renew the sad scene of the preceding evening by seeing his family again. He charged Clery to give his adieu to his wife, sisters, and children. He also begged him to carry them a lock

of his hair and some jewels, which he gave him for that purpose. He then squeezed his hand, and thanked him for his services. He afterwards addressed one of the municipal officers, begging him to transmit his will to the commune. This officer, named Jacques Roux, had formerly been a priest; he answered him in a brutal manner, that it was his business to conduct him to the scaffold, not to run on his messages. Another charged himself with this commission, and Louis, turning himself towards his conductors, gave, with firmness, the signal of departure.

Officers of the gendarmerie were placed in front of the carriage in which Louis was transported to the place of execution; he himself and M. Edgeworth were seated behind. During this transfer, which was rather long, the king read, from the breviary of M. Edgeworth, the prayers appropriate to his situation. The two gendarmes were astonished at his piety and tranquil resignation. They had orders, it was said, to stab him if the carriage should be attacked. No hostile attempt, however, was made from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution. The armed multitude formed a street. Profound silence prevailed, and the carriage advanced slowly. At the Place de la Revolution, a large vacant space was left round the scaffold. Tiers of artillery surrounded this space; the most democratic confederates were formed round the scaffold; the very refuse of the rabble, always ready to insult genius, virtue, and misfortune, when they received the signal from higher authorities, pressed behind the ranks of confederates, and manifested their execrable satisfaction by many hateful gestures of triumph and revenge; whilst every sentiment of commiseration was suppressed by terror, and buried in silence. Louis, alighting from the carriage, advanced with a firm step and undismayed air, towards the place of execution. Three executioners came forward; he rejected their interference, and disrobed himself. But when they attempted to bind his hands, he experienced a movement of indignation, and seemed involuntarily about to defend himself. M. Edgeworth, whose expressions were, at this moment, full of sublimity, seeing his emotion, said to him, "Suffer this indignity, as a last resemblance to the God who is about to be your recompense." The victim became resigned, and suffered himself to be bound, and led to the scaffold. Suddenly he advanced one step in front of the executioners, and addressed the people. "Frenchmen," said he, in a strong voice, "I die innocent of the crimes im-

puted to me; I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not be upon France." He would have continued, but the drums were now ordered to beat; the voice of the king was drowned in their noise, the executioners seized upon their victim, and M. Edgeworth inspired his last moment with this sublime exclamation: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" The furious wretches who surrounded the scaffold then dipped their pikes and handkerchiefs in his blood, spread through Paris, shouting "Live the nation! live the republic?" and even went to the gates of the Temple, to manifest that false and brutal joy which the multitude always experience on the opening of a new era, and at the downfall of the great.—*Thier's and Bodin's History of the French Revolution.*

THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA.

THE ENTRY INTO OPORTO.

WE halted here the next day for a supply of provisions, of which we were much in want, while the light division of the army followed up the enemy; and I took this opportunity of paying my good old *patrons* a congratulatory visit on the expulsion of the French. My astonishment may be more easily conceived than described, when, on arriving at the scene of my late happiness, I found nothing but bare walls remaining. The house had been completely stripped of all its costly furniture and every thing that was valuable, by the desperate robbers who were now flying before us. To witness the destruction occasioned in this beautiful residence was truly pitiable: on entering, I perceived the fine balustrades broken; the chandeliers and mirrors were shattered to pieces; all the portable furniture had been taken away, and the remainder either wantonly burned, or otherwise destroyed; the choice pictures were defaced, and the walls more resembled a French barrack than the abode of a Portuguese Fidalgo, from the obscene paintings that were daubed upon them. The beautiful garden was entirely ransacked; the charming walks and fragrant bowers torn up and demolished; the fountains broken to pieces; and the crystal-like water drained off to catch the little fish, I suppose to satisfy the wanton appetites of these all-devouring marauders. However, I was somewhat relieved from my apprehension and sorrow on the account of this worthy family, by being informed that they had made their escape to England, in a vessel of their own, at the time we sailed, with all their plate, money, and most valuable property.

While here, I went to visit a Welsh gentleman who had married a Portuguese lady. He was a resident of this town, on whom I had been billeted on our first landing here, and from whose family I received much attention, but had been unable to wait on them on my last arrival, owing to indisposition. He was not living at the same house, but I was directed where I might find him. My interview with him proved of the most painful description: he met me on the stairs, and received me with great kindness, but appeared in a very dejected state of mind. He showed me into the parlour; and, pointing to an arm-chair, told me that in that seat a French officer had, a few hours before, blown out the brains of his poor old father-in-law, because he would not resign one of his daughters to gratify the abominable lust of this detestable assassin, who suspected she was secreted in the house, though in reality she had fled to the mountains on the first approach of the enemy. There was no corroboration of this shocking catastrophe necessary, as the blood and parts of the skull were still visible in the chamber, but the body had been removed. His amiable wife, from whom I had received the greatest civility, and whom I wished to congratulate on the liberation of their town from such vile miscreants, to my regret could not make her appearance; she was too much overwhelmed with grief. My friend was about to enter into the particulars of his misfortunes, occasioned by the arbitrary contributions and severities of the French, when the drum beat for us to fall in, and continue the pursuit of the routed army.

Capt. Wood's Subaltern Officer.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

NIGHT put an end to the bloody fray and equally bloody pursuit; when we halted, leaving Vittoria some miles in our rear. We had not had a morsel to eat the whole of this day, as we moved off our ground before the supplies had arrived: bread, indeed, we had not received for two days previous; we therefore appeased our hunger by plucking the corn from the ears, as we trampled over the fields of it with which this fine country abounds, and which was at this moment fit for the sickle. This expedient satisfied our craving wants till the action commenced, when our attention was attracted by other objects. One of my men picked up a French haversack, out of which he got a large biscuit, which he began eating most greedily without offering his comrade any part: at this instant a shell burst very near him, a splinter of which broke his leg; he hopped screaming away, and let

fall the bread, which his comrade snatched up and ate, observing, that it served the other right for his greediness.

At this time we were halted; and were, in some measure, compensated for the loss of bread, by the plentiful supply we got of water, which, indeed, was a great advantage, after the heat and fatigue of the day.

We had now taken up our ground, and piled our arms, when some of the men went up to the rear under various pretences, but soon returned: some with bread, brandy, fowls, and all kinds of eatables; others with dollars, doubloons, plate, and every article that could be procured from the French baggage, which we had passed, but dared not fall out of our ranks to take possession of at the time, having a more serious duty to perform than attending to plunder,—that of first beating the enemy away from it. I certainly must confess I regarded these waggons loaded and broken down with specie, over which we were obliged to drive the foe, with a wishful eye; but honour being with a soldier preferable to riches, I relinquished the latter for the former. We were, however, amply supplied with every thing that was 'good, by those who had the good fortune to share in the spoil. Indeed, for my own part, I could not complain, having contrived to get a very fine young horse, belonging to the Polish Lancers, which came running in my way without a rider, completely accoutred; and a handsome quilt, which I found very useful at night. Such plenty now prevailed, that I do not suppose there was a man in the field who had not a good meal that night from the stores of the enemy, which were copiously supplied with every comfort, and now came to us so very seasonably; for, although every man had not an opportunity of partaking in the plunder, yet there was so great an abundance of every necessary brought into camp, that they were enabled to share the provisions with each other. We also got a most seasonable supply of those valuable articles—good shoes, taken from the French magazines. Our men had been constantly on the tramp for many weeks together, without having time or opportunity to get their old ones mended; indeed several of them had marched for the last few days barefooted. Not getting quite enough to supply all my men, (having the charge of a company,) I sent the remainder to exchange theirs with the dead men, many of whom were found scattered about the field with much better shoes than their living comrades had on; so that all got completely suited in this respect. We likewise obtained a good

supply of salt, an article of great luxury in this part of the country, where it is very dear and scarce; and also tobacco, which could not be obtained previous to this day's victory,—a victory that crowned us with almost every desirable gift that honour and good fortune could confer.

To paint the scene that now ensued after the battle, among the troops, would be far beyond my power. Some were carousing over their spoils, others swearing at their ill-luck at not obtaining more; some dancing mad with *eau-de-vie*, others sharing doubloons, dollars, watches, gold trinkets, and other valuable articles. The more rational and feeling were talking of their suffering comrades, somewhat in the following strain:—

"This was a devil of a fight sure-ly! that was a woundy crack poor Barney got, wor'n't it, Joe?"—"Ah! but poor Bill Flint got a worse: he be laid low enough, poor fellow!" "But what do you think of that fine young lieutenant of the grenadiers?" "Why, dang it, his limbs be shivered to splinters; but I hope as how I shall see the brave fellow on a timber-toe some of these odd days; for he be a dam'd good officer." "Ay! that he be; and bad luck to the French frogs, if they don't hop away too fast for us, we will pay them off for it yet; but we can't help trifles; so come along, Joe! here's to ye, and let's have the old song, 'Our lodgings be on the cold ground.'"

Amidst this extraordinary and novel scene, with a bottle of French brandy in one hand, some biscuit in the other, the fine large quilt thrown over me, and two fat fowls under my head, I sunk on my pillow to sleep. Morning now came, and we rose from our verdant couch, with spirits become light as air, to continue the pursuit. Our provisions being issued, we set off completely elevated by our late success, and the defeat of the enemy.

Ibid.

WALES

Is the little Switzerland of Great Britain, and, like that country, is neglected by adjoining nations, and sought only by the traveller of a far-distant clime. Wales is a spot which our neighbours seldom think of, or, when remembered by them, is visited but by the antiquary,—the searcher after the remains of ancient splendour, and the relics of ancient bravery; or valued only for its mountains, its falls, its ruined castles, its desolated monasteries, its subterranean

vaults and corridors; or prized for the produce of its fields: the people are entirely forgotten;—one would scarcely think, indeed, by the indifference with which we are treated, that we are descended from the masters of the island. Every Englishman knows something of foreign parts—of the continental countries—of Asia, Africa, and America; but of Wales he seems to know no more than he does of the inside of the Chinese empire: it is a little spot of earth, which appears to have entirely escaped his observation and inquiry. I sometimes cannot avoid thinking John Bull a very long-sighted personage, who sees with more accuracy the objects which are placed at an immense distance, than those which lie immediately under his eye; I doubt not, if Wales were situated at the North Pole, that he would have numberless ships fitted out for numberless expeditions to our outlandish region, and some of the chief people, — myself, for instance, or Miss Vaughan, or my mother, or my redoubtable neighbour, Mr. Morgan Hughes, who keeps a shop in the cwm,—brought to the English capital as living curiosities: as it is, we have no right to expect any such distinction; the Hottentot and Otahetan have eclipsed us there; and the only reason why we are not such marketable articles is because we are placed too near Mr. Bull's shop-door: had he to cross his broad quay and wealthy docks, and to rummage for us amongst wild beasts' skins, sugar-casks, and rice barrels, he would consider us worth the trouble of stowing into his warehouses, and preserving against the ensuing season.

Ambition—a Novel.

GERMAN CEMETERIES.

BEYOND Frankfort, on the great road to Breslau, there is almost as little to interest the eye as before; the Oder is left to the right, and the verdure which clothes its banks is the only beauty that nature wears. A solitary enclosure, on the summit of a small rising ground, turned out to be a Jewish burying place, as lonely in its situation, and as neglected in its appearance, as can well be imagined. In so dreary a scene, these habitations of the dead look doubly dreary. The inscriptions were all in Hebrew, and the stones were overgrown with coarse rank grass. The Christian cemeteries, on the contrary, in this part of Germany, are kept with great neatness. Every grave is, in general, a flower-bed. I walked out one morning to the great cemetery of Berlin,

to visit the tomb of Klaproth, which is merely a cross, and announces nothing but his name and age. Close by, an elderly looking woman, in decent mourning, was watering the flowers with which she had planted the grave of an only daughter (as the sexton afterwards told me), who had been interred the preceding week. The grave formed nearly a square of about five feet. It was divided into little beds, all crossed, kept with great care, and adorned with the simplest flowers. Evergreens, intermixed with daisies, were ranged round the borders; little clumps of violets and forget-me-not were scattered in the interior, and in the centre a solitary lily hung down its languishing blossom. The broken-hearted mother had just watered it, and tied it to a small stick to secure it against the wind; at her side lay the weeds which she had rooted out. She went round the whole spot again and again, anxiously pulling up every blade of grass—then gazed for a few seconds on the grave—walked towards the gate, and hurried out of the churchyard.—*From Russell's Tour in Germany.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

AFRICAN MANUFACTURES.

A COTTON shawl, manufactured by Africans from the growth of their own country, has been received at Baltimore. It consists of five pieces, woven three yards in length, and six inches in width, sown together, and is considered a favourable specimen of arts yet in their infancy amongst that rude people. Cotton, of the quality of which this shawl is manufactured, is said to grow in abundance over a track of country extending to 40 degrees of latitude, and 51 or 70 of longitude, inhabited by many millions of naked human beings.

THE STEEPLE BUILDER.

THE top of the spire of St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, has for some time been in a dilapidated state, and about a fortnight ago, a part of the ball fell from it. It has been deemed necessary to repair the spire, which is about fifty yards high, and the intrepid steeple-builder, Philip Wooton, has been engaged to perform the task. On Tuesday afternoon he commenced the undertaking, and in less than two hours had reared three long ladders, by which means, in the presence and cheers of crowds of spectators, he ascended

to the top, and with the utmost deliberation took off the weather-cock and descended with it. On Wednesday he resumed his labour, and in the evening had taken down about a yard of the spire.

PROBLEM:

Or a difficult question brought for solution into the Ecclesiastical Court.

A WONDROUS couple * here behold,

Who come to stand the test

Of Law;—for they (*in virtue bold*,†)

Would know which is the BEST.

DIALECTICUS.

* Mr. and Mrs. B.

† Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
Shakespeare.

CONCLUSION OF LENT IN ROME.

THE fast of Lent, in which is ordered the most rigorous abstinence from flesh, is at an end on Easter-day, and then, in Rome, you see all the tables of the eating-houses decorated with flowers, and the joints of meat gilded and illuminated. Bladders of fat are hung out at the ham shops brilliantly ornamented, and every thing seems teeming with joy that the days of fasting are over, and that the season is again restored when all may eat, drink, and be merry. The illumination at St. Peter's, and the splendid fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo, finish the whole matter. As the rockets fly up and disperse in the air, all remembrance of the penance and abstinence of Lent vanishes. The *giorni di grasso* (days of fat) are commenced, and the whole of the people give themselves up to merriment and pleasure.

DANCING.

SWIFT called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue; for when Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some Court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese, who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Janet, Clavis, Mr. Bloor, and several other Correspondents shall have insertion next week, when we shall also decide on sundry cases in our Court of Chancery.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.